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TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable

John Earl of *Strathmore*,

Who was Kill'd at the Battle of Sheriffmuir, *near* Dunblain, November 13*th*, 1715.

Supposd to be writ by the then Master of Stormount, afterward, Viscount ~ ~

WITH gen'ral Sadneſs *Albion* mourns
Her lov'd *STRATHMORE*'s untimely (Fate;
Grief and Reſentment ſwell by Turns,
While we the *Tragic Tale* relate.

All join to weep his vaniſh'd Charms,
Even in his Foes Regret appears;
Departed Virtue, Rage diſarms,
And ſoftens Envy into Tears.

The *Muſe* her Tribute too ſhall pay,
And Mourn the Loſs in melting Verſe;
The Glories of his Life diſplay,
And with *Encomiums* guild his Hearſe.

Bold is th' Attempt, the Subject high;
But ſuch a Theme my Thoughts will raiſe:
If my low *Genius* ſhould deny,
His *Actions* will ſuggeſt the *Praiſe*.

Such Sweetneſs did his Mind adorn,
Such Wiſdom guide his lively Wit,
As ſhew'd the Youth for Virtue born,
With ſo much Eaſe he practis'd it.

To pleaſe was natural in him,
All felt the Charm at the firſt View;
Inſenſibly he gain'd Eſteem,
And then convinc'd them 'twas his Due.

Form'd in his Temper for Delight,
How calm he was in private Life,
When call'd t' aſſert his Prince's Right
How forward to the Glorious Strife!

'Twas then amid'ſt the wondering Throng,
The Youth appear'd with Double Charms,
And drew the Praiſe of every Tongue,
Firſt, both in Arts of Peace and Arms.

MUSE ſtrike again the Tuneful *Lyre*,
And ſing the HERO's Firſt *Eſſay*,
If Noble Deeds can Verſe inſpire,
It ſhould be ſung no Vulgar Way.

Methinks I ſee him now appear,
As he Embarqu'd to find the Foe,
And his great Soul, unmov'd with Fear,
To unexperienc'd Dangers go.

But adverſe Winds forbid his Way,
The Hoſtile Ships oppoſing Threat,
Heaven all his Virtues would diſplay,
And now impoſes a Retreat.

The wondering *Muſe* his Steps attends,
And ſees from *Maia*'s Rocky Shore,
With adverſe Fate how he contends,
Superior to the Ills he bore.

What might not ſo much Virtue do,
Had Heaven a While prolong'd its Date?
Alas! 'tis juſt expos'd to View,
And ſoon to be withdrawn by Fate.

The Early Beauties of his Soul
Shone in the Dawn of Life ſo bright:
The op'ning Wonders we extol
Are veil'd by an Eternal Night.

But tho' Relentleſs in her Doom,
Hard Deſtiny abridg'd his Years,
Immortal Honours grace his Tomb,
And all the HERO now appears.

So diſtant *India*'s odorous Gums,
Or Incenſe, when diſſolv'd by Fire,
Diſcloſe their hidden rich Perfumes,
And in the balmy Scent expire.

Altho' conſum'd they vanish hence,
The tranſient Blaze not vainly shone,
Remaining Sweets delight our Senſe,
And we admire them moſt when gone.

Could I deſcribe him on the Plain,
As he in Scenes of Horror ſtood,
Encount'ring Death with Looks ſerene
While Danger fir'd his gen'rous Blood.

The Image view'd by wond'ring Eyes
Such Thirſts of Glory should create,
That Men the longeſt Life should prize
Leſs, than the Honour of his Fate.

For his lov'd Prince and Country's Cauſe
He ſcorns to quit the bloody Field,
While many fly whom Danger awes,
And many overpow'red yield.

But ah! What *Scythian* would approve
Of Foes ſo *cruel* and *unfair*,
Whom neither's Youth nor Charms could move,
Surrounded and diſarm'd, to ſpare?

Vain are Complaints, Heaven that rules all,
In Vengeance to this *Guilty Land*,
Had now decreed that he ſhould fall,
And fall by an *inglorious Hand*.

As when ſome fair delightful Flower
That grew the Pride of all the Mead,
Cut by the undiſcerning Mower,
A languid Paleneſs does invade.

The lovely Youth thus fainting lies
On the cold Ground, and pants for Breath;
Extinguiſh'd now his radiant Eyes,
And every Charm deform'd by Death.

O Fate! that no Diſtinction knows.
O cruel Chance of direful War!
And Heaven, deaf to ſo many Vows
Repeated for a Life ſo dear.

But tho' upon the fatal Plain
His Body pale and lifeleſs lies,
Th' Etherial Part doth ſtill remain,
And ſeeks, unſtain'd, its native Skies.

There

There, when his Soul unmov'd with Fear,
Has taſted of Cœleſtial Bleſs,
How dim our brighteſt Day appears?
How vain all human Happineſs?

To *Accidents* ſuperior now,
He ſees his Corpſe, which Duſt defiles,
Inſulted by the ſpiteful Foe,
And at their powerleſs Malice ſmiles.

But whither, with Attempt ſo vain,
Would the rash Muſe advance her Flight?
Can any Mortal Eye ſuſtain
The Splendour of Immortal Light?

That Darling Proſpect prudent leave,
To Earth again deſcending come,
Content if thou can'ſt Garlands weave
Of Lawrels to adorn his Tomb.

ALBION, who once of ſuch a Son
Couldſt ſo deſerv'dly make thy Boaſt,
Conſider now that he is gone,
What to his Memory thou ow'ſt.

Thy Gratitude his *Actions* claim,
His Fate does thy Compaſſion crave;
Still muſt *STRATHMORE* remain a Name
Dear to the *Loyal* and the *Brave*.

Let

Let an Eternal Spring ſurround,
And shade with Sweets his ſacred Urn,
Let Fame his Virtues all reſound,
And diſtant Times the Hero mourn.

Let every Muſe conſpire to praiſe,
(For Virtue is the Muſes Care)
Let every Nymph attend with Lays,
And pay the Tribute of a Tear.

Ye who his worth, while living, knew,
Conſpicuous now above the reſt,
To Friendſhip pay the Honour due,
And wear the Image in your Breaſt.

And ye who ſhall his Virtues rare
Enroll'd in *Britain*'s Annals find,
Read the diſtinguish'd Page with Care,
And deep imprint them in your Mind.

If Corrupt Times your Courage try,
When *Honeſty* is judg'd *Offence*,
Keep his Example in your Eye,
And learn the worth of Innocence.

In him the Force of Virtue ſee,
Altho' ſucceſleſs, ſure of Fame;
For Future Ages will agree
To mourn his *Fate*, and bleſs his Name.

Nor

Nor thou, lamented Shade, refuſe
Theſe Honours paid in humble Verſe,
The Labours of an artleſs Muſe,
That can thy Praiſes but rehearſe.

Were as the Friend's the Poet's Flame,
How ſhould the Lyre with ſacred Rage
Sound to the ſadly charming Theme,
Commanding Tears thro' every Age.

Thy Actions in exalted Lays
Should with immortal Splendour ſhine;
With *Maro*'s Skill the Muſe ſhould praiſe,
And his *Marcellus* yield to mine.

Yet in low Strains tho' ſhe has ſung
Thy Virtues with a humble Voice,
In vain her Harp ſhe has not ſtrung;
Who blame her Skill, will praiſe her Choice.

F I N I S.